

Stalag Thirteen C

Young Victor signed up in March Nineteen Forty
To join defense of country join the sortie
Sent to Crete to fight on foreign shore
To end up in twelve days a Prisoner Of War
Sent to Hammelburg or Stalag thirteen

Working long hours in a torturous routine
Six A.M. to dark no place for a slowpoke
To the rhythm of the Government Railway stroke
Repairing the tracks on the Wurtzburg line
Waiting to win the war biding their time

Fed potato soup and watery black bread
Many had Beriberi and wished they were dead
Bodies fatigued and constantly aching
Minds on tenterhooks and close to breaking
They all needed someone for inspiration
To keep them going for final liberation

Sergeant Murray came up with a plan
To boost the morale of the inner man
At night he asked before the dreams would roam
Tell us a good story about your home

Bobby remembered racing tin canoes on the Clarence
Much to the apprehension of his parents
Simmo could taste the Yabbies caught on the Condamine
With a little piece of meat on a strong fishing line
Robbo could hear the Dingoes howling on the hill
On a full moon bright and the wind so still
Nigel was at a corroboree and as you do
Was playing his favorite didgeridoo
Lofty was playing first grade cricket
Batting brilliantly on a perfect wicket
Bluey Adams missed church that Sunday
He was on the Fitzroy catching huge Barramundi
Stan the man could see all the stunned faces
When his horse bolted and won the Burketown Races

In the morning they woke and were still aching
But spirits were up with less chance of breaking
Victor and the lucky few who were to survive
Came home badly broken, barely alive
Whilst their stoicism held them together, kept them sane
It was the hometown stories that helped ease the pain